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Our Future.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

OUR country! we have ever praised your name
When forth you stood to battle for the right;
But once let greed begin to sap your might,
Can you to honor lay a nation's claim?
Can she who makes the love of gold her aim
Preserve her scutcheon spotless still and bright?
Can freedom's flag unfurling to the sight
Reveal our glory but conceal our shame?

Your aid was oft by friendless peoples sought
To rid them of a thankless master's hand;
And now your work of justice is well done,
Let not yourself in Midian snare be caught:
Power and gold—when they enchain our land
Fades all our grandeur, all our triumphs won.

A Research on Viburnum Opulus.*

NORWOOD R. GIBSON, PH. C., 1900.



IBURNUM OPULUS was discovered by Carl von Linne in the year 1849, and was first used in medicine in 1871, the bark of the stem being the part used, and official in the United States Pharmacopœia of 1890. It is indigenous to the northern part of the United States, found growing particularly in thickets, low, rich lands, along streams and borders of fields from New Brunswick far westward and southward to Pennsylvania. It is commonly known as Cramp Bark, but has many other synonyms such as, high cranberry, snowball,

cranberry tree, many bush bark, Guelder's rose, sheep's berry, rose elder, squaw bush and Whitten tree.

Viburnum, the wayfaring tree, is derived from the Latin *vico*, where, meaning to tie, *i. e.*, the pliability of its branches. *Opulus*, a maple, *i. e.*, its resemblance to some of the maples.

The plant is a handsome perennial shrub, 4 to 12' high, stem smooth, branches spreading; leaves are palmately veined, 3-5 ribbed, 3-5' broad, strongly three-lobed, broadly wedge shaped, truncated at base, the spreading lobes dentate, mostly toothed at the sides, entire in the sinuses, and the petioles bearing two glands at the apex. The plant bears a flower and a fruit, the latter ripening late and remaining upon the bush after the leaves have fallen and through the winter. The flowers appear in June and July, presenting at this time a very showy appearance. They are 3-4' broad, white, reddish white or greenish white peduncled cymes, made up of calyx, corolla, stamens and stigmas. Calyx is five toothed, corolla spreading and deeply five-lobed. Stamens are five in number and stigmas one to three. Succeeding the flowers are light red or red, ovoid, acrid berries about ½' long, resembling and often substituted for the common cranberry, whence its name. This fruit is a one-seeded, one-celled, globose drupe, with a thin pulp and a crustaceous, very flat orbicular not sulcate stone. The well-known snowball tree, or Guelder's rose, is a cultivated variety with entire cyme turned into showy, sterile flowers.

The bark comes into the market in flat, curved bands, squills about 12' long, ½' to ⅓' thick, ash gray in color, with transverse brownish warts, due to abrasion and black lines or thin ridges. Underneath the easily removed corky layer the bark exhibits a pale brownish-red color; inner surface is brownish-white; fracture tough, tissue separ-

* Graduation thesis read at the annual meeting of the Indiana State Pharmaceutical Association, held at South Bend, June 13, 1900.

ates in layers; is almost inodorous; taste is astringent and bitter.

The drug may be classed among the glucosidal drugs, since it contains a glucoside, to which the name *Viburnum* may be given. The well-known H. B. Parson's scheme of analysis was followed throughout, and although many little difficulties were encountered, I feel that my work has been thorough and reliable.

My first step, after the physical examination of the drug, was to determine the moisture, inorganic and organic matter in five grams of the finely divided and well sampled drug, and the results obtained are as follows:

Moisture.....	6.92%
Inorganic matter.....	5.52 "
Organic and volatile matter....	87.56 "

A qualitative examination of the residue left after igniting to constant weight, or in other words, the inorganic matter, showed principally earthy carbonates and phosphates with a trace of calcium as chloride.

After treating five grams of the drug in a Soxhlet's extractor for six hours with chloroform, the residue was dried at 100° C. and weighed. The weight of extracted matter was 1.108 grams. The remaining part of the drug was then treated with redistilled methylated spirit of sp. gr. 0.848 for twelve hours in a Soxhlet's extractor, and the residue again dried and weighed as before. The extracted matter in this case was found to weigh one centigram. On treating the residue, left after extracting with spirit, with cold water, the extracted matter was 451 milligrams. The residue was then dried and weighed as before and treated with 500 c. c. of water and 5 c. c. of concentrated sulphuric acid, and heated until the liquid gave no color with iodine. I may state here that no starch was detected with iodine. This treatment gave me 0.6873 grams of extractive matter.

The residue was then boiled for a few hours with a 2% solution of caustic soda, and after filtering and washing it thoroughly in succession with hot water, alcohol and ether, it was dried at 110° and weighed. The matter extracted by this operation weighed 1.831 grams. The remaining residue was then treated with dilute bromine water and ammonia as described in Allen's Organic Analysis, Volume I, page 392, and a pure white substance—cellulose—remained, the

weight of which was .7904 grams, showing 16% of cellulose.

A summary of the different extractions will give us an idea which solvent had the greatest action on the drug:

Chloroform.....	22.16 %
Methyl alcohol.....	0.20 "
Cold water.....	9.02 "
Dilute sulphuric acid+heat.....	13.746 "
Caustic soda solution (2%).....	36.62 "
Dilute bromine water and ammonia,	2.446 "
	84.192 %
Cellulose.....	15.808 %
Total.....	100.000 %

A careful examination of the chloroformic extract was then made. It was evaporated carefully to dryness, a drop of hydrochloric acid being added beforehand to prevent the loss of the volatile alkaloids, provided any were present. It was then treated with a moderate quantity of warm water, and after it had become cold, filtered through fine paper by aid of a filter pump, and the filtrate divided into two equal portions. The first portion was evaporated to dryness and weighed as total extract, the weight of this being .0398 grams. It was then ignited and weighed to determine the ash which was found to be .0016 grams. The second portion was tested for alkaloids, glucosides and organic acids. Alkaloids and glucosides were not found by test, but tartrates, citrates and malates were the only organic acids found. The residue left after the treatment with warm water and which remained on the filter, was taken up with chloroform, and this solution agitated with warm, very dilute hydrochloric acid, and the two solutions separated by means of a separatory funnel. The acid solution was then tested for alkaloids and glucosides, but neither of these were found. The chloroform solution was evaporated carefully to dryness, and the residue treated several times with alcohol, sp. gr. of 0.848, and filtered. The alcoholic solution was tested for camphors, resins, chlorophyll and fixed oils, and the residue for fixed oils, fats, wax and resin, nothing but chlorophyll and wax being found—wax in considerable quantity.

The alcoholic extract (methyl alco.) was then taken for examination, and after concentrating to a small bulk, removing, drying and weighing the brownish-red powder which remained after the solution had cooled (the weight of this powder was .0333 grams), it

was then diluted to 200 c.c. with a lcohol, sp. gr. of 0.848, and this was again divided into three portions: 20 c.c., 20 c.c. and 160 c.c. The first and second portions were used to obtain the total extract, ash, total organic extract, soluble extract and soluble ash, and the results are as follows:

Total extract.....	1.175 gms.
Ash.....	0.034 "
Total organic extract.....	1.141 "
Soluble extract.....	0.987 "
Soluble ash.....	0.008 "

The third portion (160 c.c.) was evaporated carefully to dryness, and the residue pulverized and treated with several considerable portions of absolute alcohol (sp. gr. .7938). Filtered, evaporated filtrate to dryness, added water, and filtered again. The aqueous solution, or filtrate, was tested for tannin, organic acids, alkaloids, glucosides, extractive and coloring matters. Tannin, organic acids (tartaric and citric), glucosides and coloring matter were found. The residue which remained after treatment with water was examined, and a trace of glucosides, acid resin and colors were detected. In testing for alkaloids with Mayer's re-agent, a slight opalescence was noticed, which increased somewhat on standing.

The residue from the alcoholic solution was treated with water and filtered. In the filtrate only sugar and glucosides were found. The residue was treated with dilute hydrochloric acid and filtered. On boiling the filtrate, which was of a very light brown color, it changed to alight reddish brown or faintly pinkish color, due to the decomposition of a glucoside and the formation of glucose. Glucose was determined both by Fehling's and Pavy's solutions. The residue insoluble in dilute hydrochloric acid was principally resin. It was brown in color, and had a bitter taste. Insoluble in water, but completely soluble in alcohol, also in sulphuric acid, this solution being a very pretty reddish brown color; it was probably decomposed by the acid. The weight of this resin was .2124 grams.

The next step was the analysis of the solution in cold water. This was made up to 200 c.c. and then divided into five aliquot portions. The total solid matter amounted to 0.051 gms. and the ash..... 0.034 " No reactions for starch, erythro-dextrine, calcium, or albumin were obtained, but a trace of pectin was present.

The analysis of the solution in dilute sulphuric acid gave only a trace of starch, but

that of the solution in caustic soda presented considerable pectic acid and coloring matter.

A summary of the analysis is as follows:

Moisture in air-dried drug.....	6.92%
Ash.....	5.52 "
Organic constituents.....	87.56 "
Inorganic constituents.....	

EARTHY CARBONATES AND PHOSPHATES.

Resin.....	5.271%
Waxy matter.....	6.342 "
Organic acids.....	9.431 "
Glucose—undetermined.....	
Sodium hydroxide extractive....	36.62 "
Cellulose.....	15.808 "
Colored extractive.....	4.378 "
Loss.....	22.15 %

The glucoside found, *Viburnum*, and which is probably the active constituent of the drug, was of a resinous character, greenish or greenish yellow in color, slightly soluble in water and completely soluble in alcohol. The action of the drug is claimed to have diuretic, tonic, antispasmodic, nervine and astringent properties, and the dose is from one to two drachms. It is used sometimes to prevent abortion in nervous diseases of pregnancy, ovarian irritation, menorrhagia, asthma, dysmenorrhœa, after pains and hysteria.

The only official preparation of *Viburnum Opulus* recognized by the United States Pharmacopœia of 1890 is the fluid extract. 100 grams of the drug, No. 60 powder, macerated for 48 hours in a menstruum of 75 c.c. of alcohol and 25 c.c. of water. The percolation is then allowed to proceed, gradually adding menstruum; using the same proportions of alcohol and water until the drug is exhausted.

The first 85 c.c. of the percolate is reserved, and the remainder, after evaporating to a soft extract, is dissolved in the reserved portion, and enough menstruum added to make the fluid extract measure 100 c.c. The dose of the fluid extract is from one to two drams. The decoction and infusion are unofficial preparations, but are often prescribed. The dose of the decoction or infusion is from one to two ounces. One of the active constituents of the well-known commercial product, Hayden's *Viburnum* compound, is *Viburnum Opulus*.

—♦—
WOULDST thou travel the path of truth and goodness? Never deceive either thyself or another.—Goethe.

Varsity Verse.

LINES TO A THRUSH.

LIKE a siren of old on that wild locust swinging,
 With your gay speckled breast spread broadly to
 view,
 I linger to list and am charmed by your singing,
 And my soul feels the joy that's awakened by you.

Though your coat may be brown and your motion less
 artful
 Than many a bird that now flits through the air,
 You've the power to move and at once make the heart
 full
 Of purest of passions and memories rare.

And now as you sing to all nature around you,
 I feel that each part that is ours to play
 Might sparkle with joy had we only the wishing,
 And bear half the care of a life-time away.

J. L. C.

SLEEP AND DREAMS.

Sleep! O hasten with your gentle ties
 To soothe and bind in peace my fretful eyes.
 Your willing captive shall I be
 This night; nor yearn I to be free
 Until fair nature tastes what is her due.

Dreams! O come, and drive the thoughts away
 Of cares and busy labors of the day,
 And in their place draw nigh
 The beauties of the land and sky;
 Since dawn I've sighed and yearned in vain for
 you.

J. O'C.

PARTING.

Farewell, farewell, we now must part,
 Though I should never have it so;
 I love the days I spent with you,
 Their joys again I fain would know.

I never knew a sweeter joy,
 When in the shady glades I strolled,
 Than when with you close by my side,
 I list to tales the song-birds told.

And often when the twilight came,
 I placed you gently on my knee,
 And talked of days that once had been,
 And talked of joys that were to be.

But now those happy days have gone,
 And other friends have left me too,
 So, farewell now, in wintry days,
 My summer hat, I'll dream of you.

J. L. C.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

Some Benedicts will swear in fun
 They always hold the reins alone;
 But little wife is oft the one
 To say just where the wagon's goin'.

W. H. T.

SUMMER.

With all thy faults I love thee still,
 O summer time, and always will;
 For though you roast me, make me sweat,
 And force me 'neath mosquito net,
 Yet you're held dear in every clime,
 For with you comes vacation time.

H. B.

The Gaelic Fragment "Finn."*

PATRICK J. DWAN, A. B., 1900.

Andrew Lang has said that the most difficult office of the epic poet is to draw character so as to render it distinct and affecting to the mind. Some touches of human imperfection and frailty usually give us a distinct view of a person; they generally present to us a man such as we have seen, while they recall the known features of human nature. When poets and literary artists of all kinds go beyond this they create or describe a faultless hero; they set up for our admiration a sort of vague, indistinguishable character such as the imagination can not lay hold of or admire as the object of affection. Hence we have Achilles, Ajax and Ulysses in Greek, and Æneas in Latin—all heroes who have been weak though descendants of Olympus. Finn, though exhibited without any of the striking faults of our race is nevertheless a real man; a character that touches and interests every reader. The Gaelic bard or poet in presenting Finn as an old man has gained the advantage of throwing around him a great many circumstances peculiar to his age, thus painting him to the fancy in a more distinct light. He is surrounded by his family; he loves to instruct and caress his children; he tells of his exploits with all the glow and warmth of an old man; the blossoms of winter on his brow add a reverence to his moralizing on human vanity and death. The heroes of Homer and Virgil are at a disadvantage because, for the most part, they are represented as of middle age—a time of life which is more general and vague and has less circumstances peculiar to it. Homer's Priam, and the young men Nisus and Euryalus, mentioned in the ninth book of the "Æneid," make a much deeper impression on our affections than the other heroes of those famous epics. When the Gaelic poet wishes to produce a great warrior he invariably places him in old age like Conor, Cuchullian and Finn, or else in youth with all the fervor and ardor of Oscar, Goul and Fillian.

But it may be objected that the Gaelic epic has no divinity, no god or goddess, supernatural or preternatural, which most critics hold as an essential element of all epics. The marvellous

* Prize Essay for the English Medal.

certainly has a wonderful effect upon the minds of most men: it gratifies the imagination and affords room for striking and sublime description. Still it seems to me that there is nothing more incoherent than a blending of the marvellous with the probable. If the poet sacrifices probability and fills his work with extravagant and supernatural scenes, he spreads over it a romantic and childish appearance. No work entirely separated from probability can make any deep or lasting impression on us. We are not interested in the doings of the gods in the *Iliad*, but we follow closely the sufferings of the human heart and the progress of human passion. All such foreign elements seem only to cloud the force of human actions and envelop them in a mist of unreality. Besides, a poet has no authority to invent any system of the marvellous he chooses; he must avail himself of the religious faith or superstition of the times of which he writes and the country in which his heroes live. It would be almost absurd to imagine that Homer invented his own mythology. He felt the gods were as real as the warriors he wrote about, and hence because of this reality no one will call into question the doings of Hera, Athena or Aphrodite, no more than those of Diomed or Ajax. He found the traditionary stories on which he built his *Iliad* mingled with popular legends concerning the intervention of the gods; and he adopted these because he believed them. The Gaelic poet in like manner found the tales of his country full of ghosts and goblins and fairies, and it is most likely he too believed them, and he introduced them because they gave his poems a solemn atmosphere. This was the only intervention of supernatural beings that agreed with the natural belief of the country. It was a very happy choice; for it did not interfere with the proper display of human actions and characters, and it helped to diversify the scene and brighten the subject by an awful grandeur. He could not introduce gods because he did not believe in them, and their actions would certainly be most foreign to any nations of the Gaelic race. These ghosts are represented as anything but purely immaterial. They are thin, airy forms, which can be visible or invisible at pleasure. Their voice is weak; their arm is feeble; they are endowed with more than human knowledge; they have changed little since the death of the body; if they were bards they come back not with frozen music on their lips, but with songs of a strange world

and in strange words. It has long been said that the Gaelic family could not have an epic poem because they, like the Romans, had no mythology. This, however, is not so, for the belief in ghosts and elves has become as much a part of Gaelic history as the gods and demigods recognized by the Greeks and Persians.

It is well to mention in this connection also, that although Finn was ever subservient to the warnings and advices of the spirits in his own land he had no respect for the authority of foreign divinities. During his invasion of Lochlin, the bard Carril tells us the god of the Scandinavians, Loda, appeared to the Gaelic army and challenged Finn to single combat. The undaunted courage of the mortal opposed to all the terrors of the Scandinavian deity; the appearance and speech of that awful spirit, and the shriek he sends forth when wounded, "as he rolls unto himself and rises upon the wind," are certainly full of the most amazing and terrible majesty as well as sheer improbability. No doubt this was what a wandering sage related of some demigod or fabulous spirit, but the poet made use of it to aggrandize the hero to a high degree. Still it is not so unnatural or wild as it seems at first sight. According to the belief of these times, supernatural beings were material, and consequently vulnerable. The Scandinavian god was not acknowledged as a divine being by Finn; he merely deemed him the god of his enemies; a deity whose dominion extended no farther than the regions where he was worshipped, and consequently had no right to threaten or claim the submission of a stranger. We have poetical precedents of great authority for fictions fully as extravagant. If Homer be pardoned for making Diomed attack and wound in battle the gods whom the chief himself worshipped, the Gaelic poet is certainly pardonable for making his hero superior to the god of a foreign territory.

It is almost a paradox to say that religion can be separated from poetry, but here we have a good example of it. In the whole history of Finn we have not even an allusion to a supreme being. It is beyond my reach to account for this. In the beginning of this century, when MacPherson, a Scotchman, brought out his "*Ossian*," a great controversy arose on this point. Some of the German critics claimed that the Gaelic poems were written long before the Christian era, and on account of the diversity of religious beliefs

the poet did not wish to adopt one in preference to another. The *Edinburg Reviews* of that time claimed that the poems were written in the beginning of the sixteenth century when all religious belief was weakened by the first light of the Reformation. Although the lack of any certain form of religion can not be deemed a defect, still I admit that the poem would have been more beautiful and perfect had the poet discovered some evidence of a supreme being. The most lofty ideas that can embellish poetry are derived from the belief of a divine administration of the universe; and hence the invocations of a god appear with great dignity in the works of all poets as the chief ornaments of their composition. The absence of religious sentiment is certainly a blank in this ancient poetry.

It has been truly said that poetry has this in common with religion—that it lives “by that which the eye hath not seen nor ear heard.” Religion, of course, turns its attention to the unseen and the spiritual objects that are there; poetry finds its materials in the things seen, but it can not deal with these imaginatively until it draws upon the unseen and penetrates things visible with a light from behind the veil. Both employ the invisible, but they turn to it different sides of their nature and use it for different ends. Religion lays hold of the unseen through conscience and the spiritual affections, and seeks to bring all to bear on its spiritual welfare. Poetry has nothing to do with the well-being of the soul or body. Contemplation is its end. Still to attain this end it does not seem absolutely necessary that a certain religion, or even a certain ritual, should be constantly before the poet’s eye. It seems sufficient that as long as he keeps within the bounds of the moral law, he recognizes in this the existence of a supreme being who framed this law. Take, for instance, the very moral ideas that make up the essentials of this poem, are they not infinitely beyond the visible framework of things; are they not allied to a higher world from which they came and to which they tend? Conscience, as Finn and his heroes feel it, what has it to do with a material system? Or the emotion of awe so prevalent in the poem, what is there in the physical world that has any power to evoke it? Or that love, high, pure and intense as it was among those pagans—can it stop merely within temporal bounds? Is it not borne instinctively onward to seek for its object a higher, more stable existence

beyond the reach of all earthly vicissitudes?

Though no goddess is invoked, no god appealed to, still we can not say the poem is devoid of the religious spirit which should pervade all poetry—the spirit of moral right. Had the poet brought down gods as often as Homer has done to assist his heroes, his work would not have consisted of eulogiums on men, but of hymns to superior beings. Matthew Arnold and Prof. Shairp both agree that the Gaelic poets never mention religion in their profane poetry; and when they write of religion they never mix with their compositions the actions of their human heroes. This custom alone, even though the religion of the Druids had not been previously extinguished, may, in some measure, excuse the author’s silence on this point. To allege that a nation is void of all religion, betrays ignorance of the history of mankind. The traditions of their fathers, and their own observations on the works of nature, together with that superstition inherent in human beings, have in all ages raised in the minds of men some idea of a supreme being. Hence it is that in the darkest times and among the most barbarous nations the very populace themselves had some faint notion of a divinity. We have seen a good example of this in our midst—some tribes of Indians while they do not worship a god, nevertheless believe that he exists.

As it is usual to judge poets by a comparison, especially when they are ancient, I may be allowed to show how closely connected in beauty and majesty are some of the passages of the *Iliad* and “*Finn*.” It must be understood, however, that I am not trying to show that the Gaelic poem comes within a shadow of the sublimity of the *Iliad*. I consider Homer too sacred. He is the world poet, the master, the latchet of whose shoes the singers of all other nations are not worthy to untie. The following quotation is taken from the *Iliad*, the fourth book: “When now the conflicting hosts joined in the field of battle, then were opposed shields and swords and the strength of armed men. The bossy bucklers were dashed against one another. The universal tumult arose. There were mingled the triumphant shouts and the dying groans of the victors and the vanquished. The earth streamed with blood, as when winter torrents, rushing from the mountains, pour into a narrow valley their violet waters. They issue from a thousand springs, and mix in the

hollowed channel. The distant shepherd hears on the mountain their wars from afar. Such was the terror and shouts of the engaging armies." In the following description of a battle from the Gaelic poem we will find images of the same kind, less extended perhaps, but thrown forth with a characteristic rapidity entirely Celtic. "As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, thus towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams meet on high and mix and roar on the plains; loud, rough and dark met Lochlin and Innisfail. Chief mixed chief with strokes, and man with man. Steel charging sounded on helmets; as the troubled noise of the ocean where roll on roll the waves on high. As roll ten thousand waves on the rock, so Caribh's host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves so Innisfail met Lochlin. Death raises all his voices round, and mixes with the sound of shields. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that rise by turns on the red sun of the furnace. As a hundred winds on Tara; as the streams of one hundred hills; as clouds fly successive over heaven, or as the dark ocean assaults the shores of the desert, so vast, so terrible, the armies mixed on Klem's echoing heath. The groan of the people spread over the hills; it was like the thunder of night, when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind." The terrible image of awful sublimity in both is used to grand effect in heightening the horror of battle.

Both poets, in another place, compare the appearance of an army approaching, to the gathering of dark clouds. "As when a shepherd," says Homer, "beholds from a rock a cloud borne along the sea by the western wind; black as pitch it appears from afar sailing over the ocean, and carrying the dreadful storm. He shrinks at the sight and drives his flock into the caves; such under the Ajaces, moved on the dark, the thickened phalanx of the war." "They came," said Carril the bard, "over the desert like stormy clouds when the winds roll them over the heath; their edges are tinged with the lightning, and the echoing groves foresee the storm." The edges of the clouds tinged with lightning is a sublime idea; but the shepherd and his flock render Homer more picturesque.

Homer compares the appearance of an army "to clouds that are settled on the mountain top, in the day of calmness, when

the strength of the north wind sweeps." The Gaelic poet compares an army in retreat to "the mountain cloud, when the blast hath entered its womb and scatters curling gloom on every side." An army retreating without coming again to action is likened to clouds that grow dark and threaten rain, but retire slowly behind the hills. Homer's comparison of Achilles to a dog-star is sublime. "Priam beheld him rushing along the plain, shining in his armor, like the star of autumn. Bright are its beams, distinguished amidst the multitude of stars in the dark hour of night. It rises in its splendor; but its splendor is fatal, betokening to miserable men the destroying heat." The first appearance of Finn is also likened to a star. "Finn, tall in his ship, stretched his bright lance before him. Terrible was the gleam of his steel; it was like the green meteor of death, settling in the heath of Malmor, when the traveller is alone and the broad moon is darkened in heaven."

(To be Continued.)

The Green-Eyed Monster.

VICTOR M. ARANA.

I was enjoying a short vacation last year, when I met an old friend who had been in Paris during the spring of 1898. He told me that although his pocket-book was not of the "heavy-weight" class, this had not been altogether an obstacle to his having all kinds of fun while in the French metropolis. Among several occurrences in which he had been an actor or only a spectator, he remembered an anecdote which was promptly related to me.

Louis Garnier was a young lawyer about twenty-five years old. Two summers before the date on which this adventure occurred, he had been graduated in the National University with uncommon honors. He was a young man whose intelligence, sincerity and generosity had won him a host of worthy friends, most of whom had been his fellow-students. Louis treated them all with frankness and geniality peculiar to very few, and amused them with his humorous conversation, not merely to please them, but because it was in his nature to be sociable and pleasant.

He frequently paid visits to a stately mansion situated in one of the most fashionable suburbs of Paris. A very wealthy family

resided in this palace, in which the most lavish entertainments were given, and whose salons received the top-notch members of the Parisian society. The head of this aristocratic family was a worthy old gentleman who was a member of the senate and had been ambassador to Belgium. He had a daughter whose eighteenth birthday had just been celebrated with unusual magnificence on account of her social *début*. Henriette was a very pretty girl of the brunette type; she was tall and slender, her eyes were black, her lips as red as blooming terebinth, her cheeks as rosy as those of a peasant maiden; her appearance was indeed attractive and fascinating.

Louis had met her when he was but a student. One June evening he was taking part in a commencement exercise as member of the reception committee, when his eyes were suddenly captivated by the beautiful and charming Henriette. She also felt attracted toward the handsome youth at whose dreamy, hazel eyes she had lovingly smiled. After the entertainment was over, Louis' first act was to inquire about the bewitching girl that had so unexpectedly drifted him into the puzzling condition of a lover.

In spite of numberless hindrances and difficulties, Louis became acquainted with the family of the senator, and commenced the courtship of Henriette. Although she knew only his appearance and the delicacy of his manners, she inwardly accepted the young man from the first moment. Later on their relations became closer, and they indulged in prolonged and fanciful conversations, which—it is perhaps useless to note here—were concerning their love affair, and giving their views as to the different rights and duties of lovers. In one of these interesting chats, she said:

"Louis, I must tell you I am tremendously jealous; of course, this does not apply to our case, but nevertheless it is a good thing for you to know it."

"Dear Henriette," he responded in a confidential and paternal tone, "that is not proper nor advisable; it is a queer thing to be jealous. If we really love each other, nothing shall part us."

This slight difference in their opinions did not in the least affect their cheerfulness and good feeling toward each other. The only apparent change was that Henriette, after this rapid dialogue, seemed to be thoughtful and

preoccupied with something very important.

A fortnight had scarcely elapsed. One evening Louis was walking rather hastily toward his residence after a busy day in his office. He had not gone to see Henriette for about two days, and naturally felt the necessity of having an interview with his earthly angel. The young lawyer upon turning a corner said to himself:

"She must be missing me awfully; well, I'll go to-morrow anyhow."

He had just uttered these words and was clearing his way through hastening throngs, when, to his astonishment, he saw Henriette in an open victoria side by side with a smartly dressed young man. She was smiling and her face showed evident signs of the most complete happiness. Her companion at times turned his face toward her, but did not appear to take any part in the conversation. He was utterly unknown to Louis who, in spite of the growing darkness, noticed that his fortunate rival showed a faint smile and that his countenance did not change.

The disappointed lover, quick as a flash, called a light cab which was just passing by, and said to the driver, handing him a five-franc piece, "Make haste and follow the victoria which is just turning the corner." In less than a minute his cab moderated its speed, and Louis saw Henriette's carriage going before him. While in the vehicle, the young lawyer had the strangest suppositions regarding Henriette and her new lover. His excited imagination led him through the most absurd assumptions, and fostered as true the most incredible beliefs. He thought himself the most unhappy being on earth as he heard the monotonous trotting of his horse following the carriage of this cruel girl. Upon approaching the victoria, Louis noticed that his lucky competitor once in a while turned his face with its frozen smile on Henriette.

After ten minutes' drive the victoria suddenly stopped, and Louis realized the fact that they had reached the senator's home. Henriette's driver came down from the box; she also alighted, leaving the unknown young man in the same place, and entered the palace rather briskly.

Louis then jumped off the cab, telling his coachman to wait, and immediately walked toward the other carriage. Although he was very nervous and excited, he was able to restrain his impetuosity upon approaching the stranger. Then apparently very calmly,

he lit a fine cigar, and, helped by the flickering match, took a peep at his chronometer—it was half-past seven. Going nearer to the victoria, with the most refined courtesy he said to the stranger:

"Sir, I beg your pardon, but I should be very thankful if you would allow me to converse with you for a few seconds."

As soon as he had ended this introductory address, he very politely handed a card to his listener. But to Louis' surprise the other gave no answer whatever, remaining motionless and bearing in his face the same faint smile which Louis had noticed before. At such insulting indifference the young lawyer could no longer restrain his growing anger; he entered the victoria and shook the silent young man by the arm in a very rough way, exclaiming:

"Hey! What's the matter with you? Can't you talk? Who are you, and how did you get in here?"

He had not uttered the last word when a valet came out of the house and called to Louis:

"Mr. Garnier, here's something for you."

Louis received a neat little card, and not being able to read its contents on account of the darkness, he approached the carriage lamp and there distinctly read the following words:

"My dear Louis, I want to ask you a question: If you say it is queer to be jealous of a living creature, what do you call being jealous of a waxen figure?"

HENRIETTE.

As soon as the youth had read this singular missive, the servant took the dummy in his arms and carried it into the porch with a silent laugh, leaving Louis and the passers-by to their wonderment.

Under the Spell of the Cuckoo Clock.

A Pastel.

FRANCIS MAURIN.

(In general, throughout nature reflection and repetition are peaceful things, while dissimilarity and non-succession are results of interference and disquietude. Thus, though an echo actually increases the quantity of sound heard, its repetition of the note or syllable gives an idea of calmness attainable in no other way, hence also the feeling of calm given to a landscape by the voice of a cuckoo.—*J. Ruskin, Elements of Drawing*, p. 173).*

Within a somewhat spacious room whose

walls are hung with pictures grave and gay and whose whole interior—its statuettes, and volumes in heavy leather and design and furniture of Oriental workmanship—bespeaks a classic taste, love of arts, literary, pictorial, and plastic—sits an old man pondering over a book. The shadows of the night begin to peep in through the tall windows, and the flames at the fireplace assert themselves ever stronger against the approaching darkness. What a quiet is here. Only at long intervals a page of the ponderous book cuts the air. Not even can be heard the ticking of the clock, for it is of the antique type which counted not the seconds, minutes and hours away in a monotonous, rhythmic melody of "tick, tack," but by weights of iron pulled them away with the tyranny of fate.

It is now dark and the gloaming thickens the air of the chamber. The reader has grown drowsy under its magnetic spell, and sits with his chin on his bosom. The hand of the clock points mutely and significantly to the seventh hour; the tiny door above the dial opens and forth comes the image of a miniature bird which bows with bills agape and utters the sweet and deep cry: "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo." The man in the chair moves not; but how his thoughts wander! The cry of the cuckoo has put him into a trance.

Before him, hushed in silence, are the woodlands. The branches of the oak and pine spread majestically above him, and the osiers make obeisance to him; the birch in its virgin garment glows dimly beside the black linden. Over all this wood hangs an air of mystery; it seems to be the haunt of gnomes and elves; queer beings sit in the shadow of the trees, and brownies play hide and seek in the pitcher plants. Still it seems not a dreadful but rather a hallowed place—a place where one fatigued by a long ramble on a hot summer's afternoon would say: "Let's sit down here and rest. See how beautiful the trees and the grass are!"

"Supper is ready," breaks the silence of the room and the trance of the man in the arm-chair.

* The sound of the cuckoo in a cuckoo clock seemed to me to bring up the image of a quiet wood, especially when one is in a different room—F. M.

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—Last Sunday the scholastic year was formally begun by the celebration of Solemn High Mass, the Rev. James French, Vice-President, officiating. The sanctuary and altar were ablaze, and in the soft light the moving vestments of purple and gold showed a heightened splendor. The ceremony was impressive, and won from the new students expressions of admiration.

The part of the service, however, that appealed most to the students was the sermon preached by our Reverend President, Father Morrissey. He set before the student body in a forceful manner—excellent for its lucidity—the purpose for which they are here. There was nothing vague about his words.

He told directly the kind of men we need: men who love culture and possess in a moral sense the qualities a good soldier has in a physical way—courage and obedience. The demand, he tells us, is for men who, seeing a truth, will hold it in view, work for it, and, if need be, suffer for it. To do this is to be obedient to our proper moral self; but it calls for courage in the accomplishment. He would have us attain knowledge; but he emphasized the fact that man has a spiritual side to his nature, and that it may be neglected for the sake of intellectual development. He said that those who will, may see this taking place in our social life to-day; or, as he aptly puts it: "Cultivation of the head at the expense of the heart is the greatest evil society has to face to-day."

These words sum up the trend of a material age, and we see a remedy only in that kind of education that develops the spiritual side of man. To make men in the true sense of the word,—moral, intellectual, sympathizing beings—is the aim of Catholic education. There is no student of us who heard the Rev. President speak thus but must have resolved, at the time, at least, to strive after those ideals that he holds up; so that the labors of him and his co-workers be not in vain. For it begets faith in one to know that men, of whom he is the type, have given, and are giving, their energies and days in a thankless age to the moulding of youths as the All-Father meant they should be formed.

—MORE RESPONSIBILITY.—A writer in the current number of the bright *Literary Digest* asks if Indiana is to become the literary centre of America. Judging from the facts that he adduces, the Hoosier State is destined to be the one out of which must come the author of the great American novel of which we have heard so much. Mr. Maurice Thompson would have us think that even now his State is the centre toward which the poetic plummet tends. If this is true, SCHOLASTIC *littérateurs* should be cognizant of the new responsibility that is straddled upon them; not only the honor of the college; but even of the State is at stake, and, by implication, that of the nation. Look to it, ye scribes.

—A CHANGE IN FRENCH.—The *Digest* also notes that the board of public instruction in France has rendered a decision that aims to simplify and remodel the language of that country. This will be pleasant news for students of French who are often sorely tried by its syntax and orthography.

One who now learns the tongue that he may be avenged on dishonest Paris waiters and Alpine innkeepers has a choice of saying *de bon fruits* or *des bons fruits*. Hereafter *nu*, *demi*, *feu*, etc., will agree logically with the nouns they refer to. There are many other changes the esoteric ones will be interested in. But what may be most pleasing to the student of French is, that while the language is simplified for him it is rendered difficult for his professor, who will be puzzled to know when his pupil errs. There is a shade of retribution in this.

Memory

A young man at the beginning of his student career may well consider the means that will make for his more rapid advancement in the acquisition of knowledge. How is he to retain what he learns; what is the faculty of memory, and what part is this faculty to play in his education? are questions that he may well ask himself. It is true the faculty of memory is highly valued in most systems of instruction, and in many grades it is the principal means of testing the student's progress; but with the introduction of the system of education which places a higher value on the purely intellectual powers, there is danger that the relative value of this faculty may be overlooked.

At the present time the study of the workings of the mind has a firm hold on the interest of scientists. This is owing no doubt to the introduction of experiment to assist and elaborate observation. Vast psycho-physical laboratories, fitted up with all the apparatus necessary for scientific research, have been established in all the larger institutions of learning, and the results of experiment are eagerly looked for by hundreds of students. Yet on the whole it must be admitted that the student body are not over-anxious to profit by the information given, and there is reason to fear that they do not give proper attention to the part the faculty of memory must take in the development of the mind.

The memory by its complexity has given rise to many theories concerning its essence. Some say that it is an intellectual process; others are sure that it is a sensuous faculty. The truth is, there is a sensuous memory and an intellectual memory. Those that speak of the memory as a storehouse where images are formed and put away until needed, are altogether wrong. The establishment of this theory would prove the mind to be wholly spiritual, and thus beyond the sphere of investigation. On the other hand, we have abundant proof that the animal organism does co-operate in the act of memory. The infant in a few weeks begins to notice, and in a few months recognizes words as the signs of ideas. This process of development goes on rapidly in the child, and declines with the decline of robust health. Diseases of the brain also affect the memory, and many cases of partial and complete loss of knowledge of the past are on record. Thus we see the brain is active

in recording impressions received through the senses, and must aid in recalling them.

It is customary to speak of three stages of memory; these three are—retention, reproduction and recognition. Many theories have been advanced to account for retention in the cerebral cortex, but the one generally accepted is that the brain is controlled by the primary laws of habit in the nerve centres: that is, repeated action of the nerve-cells under stimulation modifies their molecular constitution and gives them a tendency to associated action. When I memorized Wordsworth's lines,

"With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening,
Or mountain rivers where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep
To their own far-off murmurs listening,"

certain cells in my brain were given a tendency to act in a certain manner, and this tendency, accompanied by an act of reproduction and recognition, is sensuous memory.

Reproduction, the second element of memory, like retention, is a physiological function, governed by well-defined laws. The first law under the general head of Association of Ideas is that of contiguity which is the great central method of association and suggestion. For example, a person that visits West Point for the first time will find that his mind is occupied with the thought of Arnold's treason. The second law is that of similarity. We are continually meeting with persons or objects that call to mind the images of persons or things that we have known.

Recognition is the third and essential element of memory. This is the mental activity which chiefly distinguishes the faculty of memory from the other most closely allied faculties, such as imagination. Recognition, unlike the other elements, is intellectual. Professor Ladd says: "All attempts to explain cognitive activity by physiological conditions is hollow and vain. The soul as it were holds the key to the memory, for a sensation can not be said to be remembered as having been experienced in the past until the intellect recognizes it as having been thus experienced. When I recall the lines quoted from Wordsworth's 'Memory' I must recognize them as lines once committed and as the last stanza of this poem before I can be truly said to remember them."

Valid and useful maxims for memorizing follow from the laws that have been stated. First the tissues of the brain must be kept sound and well nourished. There is no faculty that is more obviously dependent on the con-

dition of the brain than is memory. As a rule, the cerebrum, the immediate organism through which the mind acts, is a fit instrument for mental activity in proportion to the physical vigor. Excessive drains on the brain must also be avoided.

Most of the bad effects of hard study come from carrying effort to exhaustion. The mind of the student that pores over his books hour after hour becomes a blank; while the student that recreates grows stronger and learns double as much in the end. Frequent change in the subject matter studied is also very beneficial. Continually thinking on one subject irritates the portion of the brain so overworked, and memory as well as thought becomes confused.

We must also bear in mind that the tenacity with which a thing is retained depends largely on the degree of attention given the first impression. As a rule, our attention is in proportion to the interest taken in the subject and is capable of development.

After a healthy condition of the brain, the greatest aid to memory is from the associations formed with the fact to be remembered. Of two men with the same amount of tenacity the one that thinks most about his experiences will be the one with the best memory. No mental act is completely isolated, and the wise student will try to form as many and diverse associations as possible with each fact to be remembered.

Here we have the reason why "cramming" is so poor a method of studying. Facts learned in three or four hours of hard work can not have formed many associations, and speedy oblivion is the result. If, on the other hand, the facts are taken in gradually and assimilated they remain permanent possessions of the mind. Thus habits of continuous application must be cultivated if we would derive the greatest benefit from our studies.

Many artificial systems of mnemonics have been devised and earnestly recommended. These systems, except in special cases, have little to recommend them on account of the danger of forming unnatural associations. Nor should we lose sight of the fact that the capabilities of each person's mind is limited. We can not all hope to become Macaulays and Mezzofantis, though much may be accomplished by cultivating the mental faculties in general rather than by practising any special system of mnemonics.

F. McKeon.

Football.

After we went to press last week the hearts of all those interested in the success of our football eleven were gladdened by the return of Art Hayes. The rumor had spread among us that Art would not be back this year, and the coaches were looking about for another half-back, not hoping, however, to pick up any one at all the equal of Art. And so our prospects are brightening daily. Deibold, a freshman from Pittsburg, has joined the candidates, and bids fair to fill the gap at quarter-back. He is fast and his passes are clean; he is, however, a little nervous, but this will wear off after a few line-ups. Now there are other men probably just as good as young Deibold among the gentlemen who are looking on from the side-lines. Why do not these men shake off their summer dreams and attempt to improve the eleven? If you can do nothing else, gentlemen, you can swell the numbers, and moreover there are some among you who may be the equal of any man on the Varsity. These Varsity men did not jump into a suit and begin to play phenomenal football. Time was spent in developing them, and some of them and of other first-class elevens of to-day, were very unlikely looking fellows when they began to play. An old player remarked the other day that there were enough big fellows not trying for the team to make an excellent eleven.

Fortin has returned and will add strength to the line. Burt Keeley, our pitcher of last year, will be back in a few days, and he is tipped as an excellent quarter-back. Another new man, Sammon, who played full-back and captained the Mount St. Mary's team of Maryland, has come out, and is doing some strong punting; he appears to be the very man we were in need of for full-back.

The present line-up of the eleven, with McWeeney at end and Bouza at guard, makes a very good team to begin with. McWeeney is doing well on defensive work; his tackling after punts has been especially good. Whether he will do as well on offensive remains to be seen. Bouza at guard is not bad, and judging from his work so far he will do very well in his position. Of course, many of our men are new at the game; some of them new in college, and nearly all new to each other, consequently some time will pass before the men can play the game of which they are capable.

Track Meet.

On the afternoon of October 11 there will be held a track meet on Cartier Field. The custom here for the past four or five years has been to have a track meet among the men in college. Heretofore because of the presence of Varsity track men the other men have been scared off. This year there will be no such obstacle. Those who have the meet in charge have wisely decided to handicap the Varsity men, giving Corcoran and the other stars a chance to develop some speed to pass our youngsters. The management has also decided to give first and second prizes as an inducement which, in itself should bring out a large number of men. Another point to be taken into account is that this meet is to be held not only for the amusement it furnishes the spectators and the gratification of some one's desire to possess a medal, but it has been arranged for the purpose of developing men for the track team. Every man in the University, whether he be in Carroll, St. Joseph's or Sorin Hall, is cordially invited to take part in the meet. The handicapping is to be done by Mr. Moulton and an able corps of assistants, who will see that every man has a fair chance to earn his medal.

All you new men who have done any kind of work in the way of field and track athletics, and you new men who never saw a discus before, if there are any among you, are especially requested to enter in this meet. In all the larger Eastern colleges meets like the one we shall have next month are held, and almost invariably some good men are found. This is the only means the coaches have of telling who are runners, sprinters, jumpers and the like, and everything should be done to make the results as good as possible.

The entries for the respective events will close on October 7. All those who wish to enter will please hand their names to Manager Eggeman, Room 13, Sorin Hall. The events to be contested are the regular number of events in the large meets with the exception of a bicycle race which will be run as a side event. Anyone desiring further information about the track meet may obtain the same by applying to the Management. All the old men who have achieved some fame in track athletics had better look to their laurels, for we have a number of surprises to spring on the unsuspecting.

Exchanges.

It is a wise idea to introduce illustrations into a college paper—and a staff artist should be a necessary appendage to every college magazine. With the aid of their staff artist, the board of editors of the University of Tennessee magazine puts forth a very good vacation number. The "Governor's Daughter" is a good story—the tale of a coquette. The ethics are not entirely right, for Major Henry forgives and then dies too opportunely. Mr. Carl Holliday, the editor-in-chief, is a very prolific writer, for he contributes fully seven papers.

* * *

The essays and the orations in the literary pages of the *Sibyl* reminds us strongly of the *Wellesley Magazine*. In the "Last Embers of the Study Fire," the editors got out their paint pots and brushes, and placed before us many clever bits of word-painting. If we were of the other sex we would call them gems; but as we are of a rougher kind, we will label them pastels. All of them are full of coloring and relate to that most impressionistic age of our career—childhood. The oration which appeals strongly to us is the "Address of Welcome" by the president of the senior class. Although we may not appear "in stuffy, starched frocks and shoes with tassels on," when we stand on the threshold of our future life, our feelings and emotions will be similar to hers. She has a tender vein of humor running through her address. With her we believe that linguists are not thinkers; and as we would be rather an Aristotle than a Mezzofanti, we forget that our classical perfection depends upon the amount of Latin and Greek we assimilate.

* * *

The *University of Chicago Weekly* has decidedly a university atmosphere connected with it. Its short story, "A Campus Romance," laid at the university, is well told, but its ending is too evident to the reader. With a sudden twist or turn in the ending—something to make it unique, as in "Two Bites of a Cherry," or "The Lady or the Tiger," would make it more clever. The old-fashioned plot, where they love each other in sunshine and declare their love in the after-glow, is as threadbare as a poor poet's best coat. One thing, however, is in criticism—another in creation.

J. J. S.

Personals.

—Mr. John F. Larkin (student '75-'77) of Loogootee, Ind., entered his son in college.

—Mrs. Krug of Dayton, Ohio, is spending a few days here with her son Albert of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Joseph Zahner of Louisville, Ky., spent a few days at the University, the guest of Brother Celestine.

—Mrs. Wm. Hake of Grand Rapids, Mich., entered her son, Adolf Francis, in Brownson Hall. He is the ninth of his family who has attended at Notre Dame within the last fifteen years.

—Mr. W. Monahan (Law 1900) returned to the University for a few days last week. "Pat" has opened a law office for himself in Chicago, and reports have it that he is doing well.

—Señora V. de Garza and her daughter Señorita Guadalupe Garza of Mexico, are spending a few days at the University, the guests of Mr. Rodolfe and Mr. Marcolino Garza of Sorin Hall.

—Father Boerres, C. S. C., A. B. '82, spent a few days at the University last week, the guest of Father Stoffel. Father Boerres is on a year's vacation from India where he has been for the past twelve years.

—The latest report from old students is that Louis Weadock (Law '99) is to become a Benedict. Congratulations, Louie! You are setting the class of which you were its head an example that they will do well to follow.

—Mr. Robinson (student '78-'79) of Mobile, Alabama, accompanied by Mr. Walsh of Chicago, visited the College last week. Mr. Robinson has made great success in business since he left college, and now directs the affairs of a large lumber concern near Mobile.

—News comes to us that Walter Geoghegan (C. E. '99), who made such great success after leaving college, has been compelled to give up an excellent position on account of ill health. The sympathy of all the fellows is with Walter, and we sincerely hope his illness will be of short duration.

—The graduates of last year have begun already to make their presence felt in the outside world. John Forbing (B. S. 1900) has a very good position with a big chemical Co. of Columbus, Ohio, and Anthony Dorley is chief of a small corps of engineers in the employ of the Big Four Railroad Company.

—Sherman Steele (Litt. B. '97, Law '99) has become a Democrat. Sherman proved himself to be an excellent man on the stump while a student here, and the Democratic party is to be congratulated on such an acquisition. Sherman said he had "become tired of electing politicians to office, and proposed hereafter to cast his vote for the republic."

Local Items.

—Those desiring the services of a chaperon will please call on "Sedgie."

—"Lottie" Collins wants to know if Li Hung Chang, who'll hang Li?

—The St. Joe Varsity gives great promise of being second to the Varsity only.

—What is the matter with the Brownson Hall basket-ball games after supper?

—Proff.: Have you seen Mr. Moon to-day?

Bright boy: No, Professor; I guess he'll be out to-night.

—A pipe full of tobacco FREE to anyone telling me of the whereabouts of my dear old pard, "The Stock Yard's Warbler."

—The Hon. Joseph Sullivan has positively declined to allow the use of his name as a Republican candidate for governor.

—D. K. O'Malley, fruit inspector, has visited all the neighboring orchards, and reports the crops very poor—that is as he was coming away.

—Findlay, Corbridge, Zolpher and the McAulays have re-entered Brownson this week. Milo can tell you how glad they are to get back into the fold.

—The junior Law class will be highly honored during the next two years by having among their number an eminent corporation lawyer from Iowa, Mr. Lavell.

—Willie is back at last, greatly to the sorrow of his rural friends. Any information concerning his occupation during the summer can be readily obtained by calling at his private office.

—A case of "Bumfuzilization" will be brought against the *Tiger* by a prominent young man whose name ingloriously appeared in the *Tiger* "too late to classify" column. He says he is not a "kicker."

—Come on, Brownsonites, get out your running clothes; there is a track meet in October. We were the champions on the track and on the gridiron last year. We want everything this year, but we can not win without training. So get together, form your teams and start training.

—Fatty Larkin is loud in his praises of football. Before he went out to practise, he couldn't for the life of him turn a somersault of any kind. Now, every time he goes after the ball he unconsciously turns hand-springs and somersaults, much to the sorrow of other person's toes and shins.

—Judging from the football tactics displayed by two Brownson Hall teams in a game last Sunday, there is reason for expecting a good hall-team. Every man shows a fair knowledge of the game, and with good organization and daily practice we ought to have no difficulty.

in landing the inter-hall championship at Brownson's threshold.

—"Sedgie" is going to have a grand spread up in the dome on the 31st of this month. No old students will be invited. All the guests are requested to bring their invitations with them and to leave their bad manners and rudeness at home. Pink tea, fire-crackers and snowballs are the menu for the evening.

—Lost, strayed or stolen.—One Billybus Laden, a clerical looking personage, very austere in manner and of most dignified demeanor. He scrapes an ordinary ceiling, walks with a hop, and uses a stetson hat on Sundays. Finder will be amply rewarded for care of him until we can notify his fond papa of his whereabouts. Albany papers will please not copy.

—The announcement that Full-back Al will return was received with the greatest enthusiasm when known here. The Varsity men were joyous, especially "Phil" who expects to learn Al's *slap-back and bump-kicks* that played such havoc with opposing full-backs. Canes, hats, chairs, flags and "hot air" were thrown in the air; yells were given, and the name, Catcher, was reverberated again, and again.

—"Listen!" said one student to another the other day as he cocked his ear at the door of the old gym, "what sound is that?"

"O it's only a bumble-bee," said the other, with some impatience. "Let's go on."

"Wait a minute; let's catch him and put him in somebody's desk and we'll have some fun." Both entered the gym, and found not the bumble-bee, it must be confessed, but Daniel O'Shea reading his Shakspeare.

—Antoine, the famous baseball catcher of last year, is with us again. He entertains his friends with accounts of his summer baseball playing. Call around and hear him relate about the struggle between the Wheatenton Corn-chuckers, and the Carbondale Mushroom-gatherers. Truly, the tale would make one's hair stand on end. Wilken is always a most attentive listener, but Wilken has his summit clothed in perpetual nakedness, and consequently is not so much affected as others.

—The hydrant on the second floor of Sorin Hall seems to have contracted a violent cold while the students were away. At times it takes sudden spells of coughing which bring back horrid recollections of mumps and whooping cough. The other night the soft strains of music that floated through the transom of 96 from Barry's violin formed a pretty accompaniment to the sad, mournful groans of the overworked faucet. It was difficult to distinguish the music, so well did they harmonize. There is promise that Barry will give us many unsolicited selections before the real warm weather sets in.

—The reorganization of the Philopatrian Literary Society took place Wednesday evening in their debating hall. In accordance with former customs the first business tended to was the election of officers. The following were the successful candidates. Charles Rush, Vice President; Clarence Kennedy, Recording Secretary; Robert Stanton, Corresponding Secretary; Louis Wagner, Treasurer; Grover Davis, Sergeant-at-Arms; George Trentman, First Censor; Harry Knott, Second Censor. After a few remarks on the manner in which the society should be conducted, made by Brother Cyprian, its President, the meeting adjourned until the regular meeting night, Wednesday.

—There is no lack of variety in the Brownson Hall reading-room this year. Turn what way you will different scenes and different sounds greet the senses. In one corner is a party of swarthy Mexicans and Cubans engaged in conversation in the tripping Spanish tongue. Near them, seated at a table, are Staples and Fak (spelled without the final *e*) showing some easy rubes the tricks they learned at the bunco tables in 'Frisco. Not far off are Worsedus and Zolper trying to impress people that they speak German by repeating the only sentence they know every time somebody comes within ear-shot. Forming another group you see Mr. O'Connor, Mr. O'Mahony and a few more O's speaking, in soft graceful tones, their native tongue, and recounting the varied beauties of their native Cork. In another corner are Jews, Bohemians, Turks, Arabs, and a few Filipinos and Chinese Boxers; and to crown all, Meyer stands in the centre of the hall philosophizing with a friend and wiping his glasses with the air of a man of great perspicuity.

—The tail end of the cyclone struck the University last Friday night, and it occurred to John Eggeman that his billy-goat was over on the campus grazing: John rolled out of bed, dressed, and after filling his shoes full of feet started out to find his goat. The wind blew such a terrific gale that John could not hear the goat wink. After a long search John discovered the goat trying to eat one of the cannons down near the post-office. Of course this was a bluff on the part of the goat. A goat, like human beings, knows a good thing when he sees it, and, thinking John was the gardener, he did not want to be caught eating the trees and shrubbery, so he tackled the cannon. The goat has quite a reputation. It is a matter of conjecture as to where he was born. It is sufficient that he is here and will remain until he travels elsewhere. Since coming to the University he has, with the encouraging words "eat them up" ringing in his ears, taken a number of Corcoran's "Records. The goat is likely to get our dear friend John into trouble yet.

Several of our late arrivals are missing carpets and posters from their rooms, and the goat is the suspect.

—Bill Baldwin started down for a pitcher of water the other night, when a screeching sound struck his ears. Bill concluded it was Jack Mullen tuning up his fiddle, so he headed for Jack's room, but Jack was not there. In the meantime the sound increased from a crescendo to a forte and from a forte to a fortissimo. It lifted Bill's soul up in fancy wanderings, and he was wafted down to Harry Barry's door. Bill could not resist the temptation, so he knocked on the door. The fiddle stopped. "Come in!" cried the man within, and Bill accepted the invitation.

"Say, Harry, have you got a cat in here?" inquired Bill.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Bill Baldwin! that's a fiddle," replied Harry.

"Well, you needn't get sore about it. Ain't a cat full of fiddle strings?" said Bill.

"Say, Bill, you must have studied logic?" said Harry.

"Sure I did," said Bill, "that's what you call cause and effect."

"Say, Harry, I heard a very pretty piece last summer while visiting at Woodstock, the home of Judge Cooney, entitled 'Who put Tea-leaves in Papa's Cocoa'? Will you please play it for me?" Harry took up his fiddle and commenced to play. The music seemed to elevate Bill. It lifted him so high that he would be up in the clouds if there did not happen to be a roof on the building. As it was, his head was so sore from striking the ceiling and bounding back to the chair that he was obliged to say good-night and retire.

—Our esteemed friend, Judge Cooney, returned to the University on Monday evening. A committee hunted the judge up and escorted him to the smoking-room in Sorin Hall, where he delivered the following address:

Ahem! ladi—say, "fellers,"—I was just going to say ladies. Well, gentlemen, I left the retreat on my farm in the good old town of Woodstock, where,—ahem!—I have been rusticating all summer—last Saturday night. Ah! we got off the track a couple of times on the way down; that is, in order to let the trains pass. I would have gotten here a little sooner if I hadn't come quite so late. I stopped at a hotel in Chicago Sunday night, and left orders with the clerk to be woke up early Monday morning, but he made a mistake and woke up the wrong man; consequently I was half way down to the depot before I discovered I was the wrong man. I had to go back and wake myself up, and come pretty near missing my train. When I struck the entrance down here I met Mr. O'Brien. He come over and shook my hand and said: "Hello, Cooney, how're making out?" "Ah! Mr. O'Brien," says I, "I'm not making out,

I'm making in." And, fellers, I'm glad to be back with you. I think we'll all make good lawyers, for I use to notice up in the dormitories, when we'd get tired lying on one side we'd turn over on the other. "Every dog has his day," said Shakspeare, but if we are going to have so many dogs, I'm afraid we won't have days enough to go around. Gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

LETTER FROM CHINA.

(*Special cablegram from our Chinese correspondent.*)

DEAR EDITOR:—I sed I'd rite to ye agin afther me call on liftinant O'Shay. Phwat a toime thim Ruff Roiders has. Thayr wuz wan bee-knighted haythin sold thim river-wather whin they called f'r "oiced-tay," and they shot him so full iv led that th' harses bruk th' tugs a-pullin' him off.

Sa! thim raypoorters ye hev over thayr must be twin brothers iv th' great Ananias, f'r whoile they don't eggzactly lie about us yit they handle th' truth with penoorious frugality, or else with a lang-handled shovel. I want to know whare ye git thim brushes that th' "signs iv th' toims" be's painted with, f'r I cud use wan now on me back fince whare sum duzen Mongolians sarved as targets f'r th' byes yistherday.

Th' powers iz not gud frinds at awl. Thayr hospitality f'r wan another iz in th' hospital an' has a ba-ad case iv lumbago. Ivery wan wants th' hull counthry, an' none iv thim'll go afther it. Awl daypinds on th' Japs, an' they arren't loikely to pull chessnuts frum th' foire f'r some other cat. Chinay's pig-tale iz "party-colored," but it's not gray yit by any manes.

Th' Inglish ar-re the spishal inimies iv th' Chinaymin, f'r th' hathens raysimble a mad bull in th' way they puts afther a red flag. An' I don't blame thim, f'r a red flag is a sine that auctioneers, small pox, rock-blasting, or some other noosance, is around, an' that it's toime f'r wise min to skip out.

Ye kin deny any rumors that sez I'm ingaged to th' princess royal iv Chinay, because they is none an' won't be any. If I git th' man that started the rumor I'll make him thrimble in his moccasins f'r shure. I heerd Prince Tong, an' Quane Lilian O'Killarney iv Hawaii wuz ingaged, but Aguinaldo, the Pompador Prince, cut him out, an' now th' poor man has lost a wife, an' besoides lost his sitiuation.

I think th' phil an thropic czar iv awl th' Roosias is thryin' to work th' Hague Conference backwards, be the way he puts afther th' poor "coolies" now an' thin.

I'll say no more this toime excipt to warn yez agin not to thrust th' noospaper raypoorts, f'r tho' they can tell th' thruth it hurts thim so ba-ad that they niver do it.

Ye'ers with much 4thought,

Faraway Brophy.